

Bleeding Thoughts

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/76003086) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/76003086>.

Rating:

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Category:

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Fandom:

[Limbus Company \(Video Game\)](#)

Relationship:

[Don Quixote | Sancho \(Limbus Company\)/Reader](#)

Characters:

[Don Quixote | Sancho \(Limbus Company\), Reader](#)

Additional Tags:

[Bondage](#), [Blood](#), [Blood Drinking](#), [Sadism](#), [Threats of Violence](#), [Cunnilingus](#), [Vampires](#), [Biting](#), [Hate Sex](#), [Weapons](#), [Light Masochism](#), [Female Reader-Insert](#)

Language:

[English](#)

Stats:

Published: 2025-12-19 Words: 1,541 Chapters: 1/1

Bleeding Thoughts

by [AllAborde \(Bordementions\)](#)

Summary

The Knight of The White Moon is taught a lesson for their clear inability to listen

Notes

Old small draft that I cleaned up

<https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz>

You felt the familiar, agonizing bite of the hardblood restraints—crimson crystalline vines that coiled around your wrists and ankles, their jagged thorns weeping with your own warmth. Every shallow breath you took caused the barbs to dig deeper into you, carving thin, stinging lines into your skin.

You were a Grade 1 Fixer who had crossed blades with the First Kindred for three days straight, yet here you were: stripped down to your undergarments, strung up like a sacrificial lamb to the mahogany posts of a bed.

Sancho stood before you, a vision of simmering, volcanic resentment. Her dark coat was cast aside, leaving her in that ivory vest, the gold cordage gleaming under the dim chandelier. Her red feathered boa draped over her shoulder like a heap of slaughtered birds, the crimson tips brushing against your bare, bruised thighs as she stepped closer.

"I told you," she whispered, her voice a low, melodic rasp that vibrated with a terrifying stillness. "I told you that if you showed your face within these gates again, I would ensure you never had the breath to whisper another lie into my Father's ear."

You managed a weak, blood-flecked grin, your head lolling back against the headboard. "And yet, Sancho... you always leave me just enough breath to thank you for the hospitality."

The reaction was instantaneous. Her hand snapped out to seize your jaw. Her thumb pressed into the corner of your mouth, forcing your lips apart as her crimson eyes—those wells of swirling, liquid longing—searched your face for a hint of the fear you refused to give her.

"Do you think this is a game?" she hissed, her composure fracturing just enough to let the vitriol leak through. "Every 'tomorrow' you promise him is a day he starves us. Every 'adventure' you recount is another link in the chain that keeps this family imprisoned in a dream that is nothing but a slow, agonizing death. You are not a savior. You are a parasite, feeding a parent's delusions while we wither in the shadow of his joy."

"He's happy, Sancho," you wheezed, the thorns in your wrists digging deeper as you shifted. "For the first time in centuries, he isn't just counting the seconds until the sun goes down. Isn't that worth a little hunger?"

"Silence!"

She lunged forward, not with a blade, but with her mouth. The kiss was a collision—violent, desperate.

She didn't just kiss you; she tried to consume the very words from your throat. Her teeth grazed your lower lip, nipping hard enough to make you hiss, but she stopped just short of the puncture. She knew exactly how to balance on the edge of the embrace without ever falling in. It was a torture of restraint.

She pulled back, her chest heaving, her wavy golden hair disheveled and framing a face that was a mask of disgusted passion. "Why?" she demanded, her voice cracking. "Are you truly so thick-witted that my warnings sound like invitations? Or is this the truth of Fixers? That you crave the sting of the monster's lash?"

With a flick of her fingers, a new sliver of hardblood manifested in the air—a pointed blade of solidified blood, elegantly crafted. She traced the tip down the center of your chest, just above the lace of your bra, pressing down until a bead of bright red bloomed against it.

"You enjoy this," she stated, her deadpan delivery returning like a shield. "You return because you want to see how far I will go to protect the Father's sanity. You want to see if I'll go against his word and drain you dry right here on these sheets."

"Maybe I just like seeing you lose that pathetic, icy grip on yourself," you countered, your voice dropping to a provocative purr despite the blood trickling down your sternum. "You're so busy being the martyr for the Manchegan Family, Sancho. But when you're cutting me... when you're biting me... you're almost honest."

The blade vanished, replaced by her bare palm slamming against the mattress beside your head. She leaned in until her nose brushed yours, her breath moist and hot on your face.

"I am a Bloodfiend," she whispered into your ear, her voice trembling with a suppressed sob of rage. "There is no 'life' here. There is only the thirst, and the duty, and the ruin you've brought to our door. If you want a story, Fixer, I will give you one. It ends with a knight who forgot that even the kindest monsters eventually have to eat."

She reached down, her fingers clamping around your mouth to stifle your next retort, while her other hand tightened the blood-ropes until the room began to spin.

"Tell me," she murmured, her eyes locked onto yours as she watched

your pulse thrumming frantically in your neck. "In all your thousands of tales... did any of them teach you how to beg?"

You tried to muffle out something along the lines of "Would you like to find out?", but you couldn't. Sancho watched the rise and fall of your chest with a predatory focus, her tongue darting out to lick a stray droplet of crimson from her upper lip. The deadpan mask was completely gone now, replaced by a feverish, desperate hunger that had nothing to do with the "dignity" of the family.

With a quick, fluid motion, she climbed onto the bed, straddling your hips. The weight of her—solid, warm, and deceptively lithe—pressed you down into the mattress. She grabbed the bindings, yanking them upward. The movement dragged your arms above your head, the thorns carving fresh, deep channels into your wrists. You cried out, a jagged sound of pained ecstasy that seemed to act as a catalyst for her.

"That's better," she hissed, leaning down until her wavy golden hair draped over your face like a silken shroud. "If you have any more to offer, those screams are what I would prefer to hear."

She descended upon your neck, her mouth a chaotic blur of sharp teeth and soft lips. Her mouth moving over the marks of previous visits like a cartographer mapping a conquered territory. She lapped at the blood welling from the cuts on your collarbone, her tongue rough and warm. Each lap sent a jolt through your nervous system, a sickeningly sweet blend of agony and arousal that made your toes curl against the sheets.

"You think you're so brave," she murmured against your skin, her voice vibrating through your bones.

"Coming back here... offering 'dreams' to a man who has forgotten how to wake up. But look at you now. Tied up by the very things you claim to understand."

She pulled back just far enough to look you in the eyes, her crimson irises glowing with a terrifying, lucid intensity.

"Listen to me, and listen well, you persistent, foolish woman," she said, her grip on the blood-restraints tightening until your hands went numb. "This is not a story. This is not a duel of wits. My Father may see a hero when he looks at you, but I see the end of everything I've struggled to protect. If you cross that threshold again—if you bring your 'justice' and your 'tomorrows' back to this place—I will not stop at thorns and bruises."

She leaned in closer, her lips brushing against yours, the scent of your own blood heavy between you.

"I will tear the throat out of your 'tomorrow,'" she whispered, a promise of absolute ruin. "I will drink every story you've ever told until there is nothing left of you but a hollow, cracked husk. I will kill you, knight. I will end the dream before it burns us all to ash."

The threat was real, you could tell, fueled by hundreds of years of misery. But as she spoke, her hand slid down, tracing the line of your hip, her touch trembling with a need she refused to name. Her "honesty" was leaking through again—that inexplicable, agonizing tenderness she tried so hard to bury under layers of apathy.

She didn't wait for your retort. She didn't want to hear your voice, your logic, or your hope. She wanted to drown it out. Sancho shifted her weight, her mouth traveling downward, leaving a trail of fire along the sensitive skin of your inner thighs. She ignored the way your breath hitched, the way your body arched against the barbs of her blood.

She was thirsty and in this moment, she let the levee break. As she buried her face between your legs, her teeth grazing the edge of your underwear. She was a Bloodfiend, sating a hunger that went far deeper than blood, devouring the only bit of "life" she allowed herself to touch.

The last thing you saw before the pleasure and pain surged from you thrashing around in your restraints, a splash of violent, beautiful color in the dark, and the sight of Sancho—bitter, dishonest Sancho—drinking from you as if you were the only "tomorrow" she actually believed in.

The silence returned to the chamber eventually, broken only by your ragged breathing and the soft, rhythmic sound of Sancho drinking.

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